

LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. V., No. 26.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS AUG. 3., E. M. 301. [C. E. 1901.]

WHOLE No. 876

A MESSAGE OF THE TOWN.

Look up to the stony arches
Where art and mammon meet,
There's a sound where traffic marches
A call in the city street,
For a voice is ever ringing.
"Gird up your loins and flee,
I will harden your heart or break it
If you will abide with me."

Go forth with a noble yearning,
Give heed to the griefs of men,
And the veils will find you turning
To that mocking voice again,
Which ever recurrent whispers,
Like the chant of the restless sea,
"I will harden your heart or break it
If you will abide with me."

No time for the touch of gladness
Nor yet for the boon of tears,
We toss in a cloud of madness,
Whirled round by the whirling years;
And an echo lingers always
From which we are never free,
"I will harden your heart or break it,
If you will abide with me."

Ay! carve it in iron letters
High over your widest gate,
Since we all must wear the fetters
Who seek the appointed fate.
And the winds shall bring the message
Through all of the days that be,
"I will harden your heart or break it
If you will abide with me."

—Ernest McGaffey.

The Doll Awakens to Life.

BY HENRIK IBSEN.

Nora (looking at her watch). It is not so very late. Sit down here, Torvald. We two have much to say to each other. (She sits on one side of the table.)

Helmer. Nora, what does that mean? Your cold, set face?

Nora. Sit down. It will take some time. I have a great deal to talk to you about.

Helmer (sitting opposite to her at the table). Nora, you make me anxious. And I don't understand you.

Nora. No; that is just it. You don't understand me. And I have never understood you either, till tonight. No; you mustn't interrupt me. You must only listen to what I say. This is the settlement of an account, Torvald.

Helmer. How do you mean?

Nora (after a short silence). Does not one thing strike you as we sit here?

Helmer. What should strike me?

Nora. We have now been married eight years. Does it not strike you, that tonight for the first time, we two,—you and I, husband and wife,—are speaking together seriously?

Helmer. Well; 'seriously,' what does that mean?

Nora. During eight whole years and more, since the day we first made each other's acquaintance, we have never exchanged one serious word about serious things.

Helmer. Then would you have had me persistently initiate you into anxieties you could not help me to bear?

Nora. I am not talking of anxieties. All I am saying is, that we have never sat down together seriously, that we might try to get to the bottom of anything.

Helmer. But, dearest Nora, would it have been any good to you, if we had?

Nora. That is the very point. You have never understood me. . . I have been greatly wronged, Torvald. First, by father, and then by you.

Helmer. What! by us two,—by us two, who have loved you more deeply than all others have?

Nora (shakes her head). You two have never loved me. You only thought it was pleasant to be in love with me.

Helmer. But, Nora, these are strange words!

Nora. Yes; it is just so, Torvald. While I was still at home with father, he used to tell me all his views; and so of course I held the same views; if I had different ones, I concealed it, because he would not have liked it. He used to call me his little doll, and he played with me, as I used to play with my dolls. Then I came to live in your house.

Helmer. What expressions you do use to describe our marriage!

Nora (undisturbed). I mean,—then I passed over from father's hands into yours. You settled everything according to your taste; and so I had the same taste as you, or else I let it seem so; I don't exactly know. I think it was both ways, first one and then the other. When I look back on it now, it seems to me as if I had been living here like a poor man; only from hand to mouth. I have lived by performing tricks for you, Torvald. But you would have it so. You and father have sinned greatly against me. It is the fault of you two that nothing has been made of me.

Helmer. Nora, how senseless and ungrateful you are! Haven't you been happy here?

Nora. No; that I have never been; I thought I was, but I never was.

Helmer. Not . . . not happy?

Nora. No; only merry. And you were always so kind to me. But our house has been nothing but a playroom.



Here I have been your doll-wife; just as at home, I used to be papa's doll-child. And my children were, in their turn, my dolls. I used to think it was delightful when you took me to play with, just as the children were, whenever I took them to play with. That has been our marriage, Torvald.
—From "Nora, or a Doll's House."

Some Reasons Why Love Should Die.

BY ELSIE COLE WILCOX.

I do not pretend to solve the whole riddle, but I can give a few reasons that I know have been instrumental in killing love between married pairs. They will be from a woman's standpoint, but I want to say to the brothers that if they will respond to the query, showing why their love dies, I will not shrink from the expose, and if any of the remarks hit me I will not be angry but will try to profit by the rebuke.

First, then, love is a tender perennial, fitted to live indefinitely with proper culture. The average man is like some amateur florists who seek diligently for new and rare specimens, but after the blooming season neglect their plants and permit them to die for want of care.

A man will exert himself in every possible way to win a girl he fancies himself in love with, and will make himself just as attractive in person and manners as possible, carefully suppressing, or concealing every bad habit or trait of character that would be apt to offend her. If he uses tobacco in any form, (and he usually does!) he will be very careful not to use it in her presence, and to brush his teeth and eat cloves, sens-sens, etc., to disguise the odor when he visits her. He will usually keep himself neat and tidy, wear stylish clothing and always look fresh and well-groomed.

But how is it after marriage? For a little while he is all devotion, devoted to his new toy, his rare plant, watching eagerly the unfolding of the flower of love, but satiety soon follows. He grows indifferent! It is too much trouble to keep his company manners on every day. He forgets the little acts of courtesy, the loving word or caress. He neglects to brush his teeth after smoking, trusting to the sen-sen to kill the odor, and by degrees he comes to neglect even that, but proffers the kiss of greeting with a breath that would "knock a mule down." Women, as a rule, dislike tobacco, and even the few who do not object to the odor of a good cigar when they smell only the smoke, will find its effect on a man's breath quite a different thing, and will often turn away in disgust from the man who is so inconsiderate of their olfactory nerves. They simply cannot help it, and I contend that it is an insult to a clean, sweet woman to thus offend her refined tastes. When using this argument I have been answered "But women sometimes smoke cigarettes." My reply is "Pardon me, but I am speaking of ladies! I know little of the tastes, or habits of the class you mention." As I said before, tobacco is offensive to nearly all women, (and to most men who do not use it themselves) and yet few, if any, married men will quit using it in order to make themselves sweet and attractive to their wives. The few who do should be canonized! And so far as I know their wives fully appreciate the sacrifice and repay it with the tenderest love.

What man would continue to love a woman who made herself repulsive to him with dirt and vile odors. Suppose a wife contracted the habit of chewing asafoetida, and presented her lips to her husband reeking with the fetid gum! How often do you suppose he would seek a kiss? And yet, tobacco is equally odious to many women.

This may seem like a small matter, but life is made up of trifles. The judicious watering, airing, weeding &c., are each small matters in themselves, but each is necessary to the healthy growth of the plant. And the little things of life that tend to give pleasure to the loved one are necessary to the life of love. The shrinking from, or refusal to accept the tobacco flavored kiss is the severing of one of the ties that bind the hearts together. It is well known that when one strand of a cord is

broken a slight strain will often sever another, and soon the strongest rope gives way.

Another "reason"—I have in mind a young couple recently married. For months before the marriage the gentleman was the most devoted of lovers, lavishing every attention on the lady, escorting her to theatres, lectures, &c. and buying every pretty present he could prevail on her to accept. But after the marriage!

For two weeks he never offered to take her out at all, not even for a walk! Then, her sister was going to a party and urged her to go. She timidly suggested to him that she would like to go, and he refused! And only married two weeks!

It is evident too, that he was resolved to begin as he intended to hold out, for in nearly two months he has taken her to but one entertainment, although they live in a city, and he has ample means to afford a reasonable amount of amusement. He also refuses on one pretext or another to take her to visit her girlhood home, only a few miles distant, and objects to her proposition to let her go for a few days without him. Now, perhaps, this sort of thing will tend to win or keep a woman's love, but it does not appear so to me.

These are a few of the thousand enemies of love. I could give many more instances, but my letter is too long already, and I will wait and see if some of the brothers will retaliate by pointing out some of our faults which assist in the deplorable tragedy—the death of love.

Lawrence, Wash.

Crackerets.

BY TAK KAK.

Christian Science is a great mistake, substituted for a greater.

Protestants err in denying the power of the church to forgive sins. They should have extended the privilege of the clergy to every member, for believers want to confess and to be absolved.

The woman that did not have man's passions, never had a father. They say that two wrongs do not make one right. I have, however, seen two rights create a whole train of wrongs. It generally takes much more than two wrongs to establish a right.

Those who escape from purgatory or the law, come out cleaned.

A thousand industrial co operators could become rich as Jews; a hundred could attain material comfort; ten intelligent adults could appreciably better their fortunes.

The correspondent who injects into his communication a suggestion concerning the business interest of the paper, thereby invites the editor to use his blue pencil on the irrelevant remark. Whatever is permitted is invited.

Wanted: A Jewel.

BY A. H. TUCKER.

That "consistency is a jewel" is quickly apparent to one who sits as a listener to the preachers at the bar of popular approval or for public patronage.

There are those, I believe, who do not pretend to be consistent and yet there is no such thing as arriving at a logical conclusion without it.

For one to declare in one breath that there is no such thing as poverty, sickness or death and in the next to tell how the death of a dear child might have been prevented; or that for a stipulated price all diseases will be cured and success in life assured, is bound to have a mystifying effect on a mind accustomed to reasoning along logical lines.

To hear a sweet warbler chirp out the "blest assurance"



that "her omnipotent word" will surely bring success, and then, later, when some one who has invoked the word and accompanied the invocation with the stipulated price, complains meekly of the tardiness with which success puts in an appearance, is told, softly, that "somehow, somewhere, success will surely come, one's knowledge of legal matters will at once suggest how utterly worthless one's note would be, made payable "somehow, somewhere, somewhere."

What a solace to a "poor devil" who has "hustled" all his life without making any apparent material headway to be told to get up and "hustle" for success after he has been solemnly told that this "omnipotent" word would "do the business" for him.

People will damn the doctors and malign the ministers without reserve and then, if one or more of these should happen to say or do something in line with the particular reform (?) they advocate will trot them out with a careful display of M. D.'s and D. D.'s as witnesses whose evidence is especially weighty.

I have always been averse to giving much weight to the testimony of criminals who turn states' evidence. I know a man who has been twice vaccinated and yet no evidence of consumption or syphilis has ever appeared. Can he be blamed for believing it makes a difference who is vaccinated?

Vivisection perhaps, at times, may be conducted in a cruel and objectionable manner; but I am sure the man who has a chance to give up a few small sections of his skin to help "sod over" the lacerated cuticle of his sweetheart will ever be glad the "grafting" process was discovered.

And why all this fine spun sentiment about taking life? Can any one who "stops to think" conceive of the possibility of living without causing death? Nothing is clearer to my mind than that nothing in the universe is permanent. Constant change must take place that there may be life. Without change in the universe, "universal death" death would prevail.

It may be that as time goes on, life in its various forms becomes contaminated or polluted as does a pool of stagnant water in contact with decaying or soluble matter and needs to be freed from the restraint of more condensed forms of matter and allowed to purify itself, as do the waters of the running stream.

Some day I presume some one will start a society for the suppression of steam boilers, fearing the water in the universe will be all boiled away.

And here's another opening for a "good living" for some one—why don't some one organize a society for the protection of whiskers? The crime "against nature" of killing innumerable millions of feet of living human whiskers every year is something appalling.

If some one would only constitute himself the "head of the movement," start an "organ," work the "just one subscriber chestnut" diligently, deal in cosmetics and specifics for hurrying up and luxuriating the beard, Dowie wouldn't be "in it" with him, for a "snap." True, one would have to have sufficient "nerve" to enable him to present the matter with that assurance that passes for sincerity.

Of course the barbers would secure legislation against the movement, have its "organ" suppressed if possible, and make every one who wished to wear a beard pay for a license from the "board of health" granting them the privilege, in order that the "growing generation of barbers might have business." And right here is a place where the "cloven hoof" of our social order shows itself.

Two Wives in Same House.

BY ADELINE CHAMPNEY.

"Clearfield, Penn., May 25:—A remarkable case has been brought to light at Crenshaw, a mining town, by the arrest of John Vasilko, charged with bigamy.

"At the hearing it was shown that Vasilko had two wives, both living in the same house with him.

"The women were warmly attached to each other. Wife

No. 1 had one child, while wife No. 2 had three children. In passing judgment Squire Felt decided to divide up the children each woman to keep two. Wife No. 2 was ordered to leave Vasilko's home, but Vasilko was directed to pay her \$10 per month for thirty months.

"The scene at parting was very affecting, the two women deeply regretted the necessity of separating, and Vasilko being loath to give up one of his wives."

Behold how the law protects the sanctity of the home, and the mother and her children!

Closely investigated this becomes a curious case. As a man can have but one legal wife, woman No. 2 is no wife at all, yet he is obliged to contribute to her support—a meagre sum, for a short time. Apparently the righteous judge thinks there has been some partiality shown and he tries to equalize matters by giving one woman's child to the other!

Here were two women in the same house with one man!—very "irregular," to be sure, but *who was injured by it?*

The law steps in, makes one man and two women unhappy, breaks up the home, separates one child from its mother. "Morality" is upheld, but *who is benefitted by it?*

Press-Writers' Notes, No. 2.

BY A. C. ARMSTRONG.

July 7, Providence, (R. I.), "Sunday Journal" prints a long letter from Francis B. Livesey on the marriage question that is alike a credit to the liberality of the "Journal" and the iconoclastic author of Sykesville, Md.

Richmond (Va.) "Sunday Times" prints one from Kent E. Peery of Longwood, Va., advocating the adoption of resolutions now before the committee revising the state constitution, striking the word Christian from Section 18 of the "Bill of Rights," taxing all church property and prohibiting state aid to sectarian institutions. July 8, "Traveler" (Boston) prints two fine letters from D. Webster Groh, on "Blue Laws" and "Order and Law." "Bulletin" (Philadelphia) Chas. A. Osborn on "Faith" and Edward Stern replied to Gidney on "Socialism." July 9, "Traveler" prints J. T. Small on "The World Aroused" by the "Transvaal War." A. A. Orcott on "What Are Our Courts For?"

Rockland, Mass., "Free Press" announces the award of the prize for the letter coming the nearest to the Stroller's ideal of spending a million dollars, to Francis B. Livesey; the point that decided the matter in his favor was that he would start a people's paper to be filled with the thoughts of unpaid contributors. "Bulletin" (Phila.) prints G. L. Gullickson on "Christianity and Progress."

July 10, "The World-Herald" (Omaha Neb.) prints a half column letter from William E. Bonney 1839 O St., Lincoln, Neb. in reply to that paper's question "Will some philosopher explain why lightning so often destroys churches and so seldom hits saloons?" Brother Bonney has well improved this opportunity to rub it in on the churches. "Traveler" (Boston) prints Edward Stern on "Natural Evolution;" D. Webster Groh "For Equal Rights;" Harriet M. Cloz, "Blue Laws;" "Paine Hall" (Wm. Duffney) "Infidel and Christian;" and J. T. Small "Chase vs. Groh." "Discontent," (Home, Wash.) prints "Comment" from Kate Austin.

July 11 "Traveler" (Boston) "Paine Hall" (Wm. Duffney) pays his respects to the "Christian Hell."

July 12, Rockland, Mass., "Independent" prints one from J. T. Small on "Revaccination;" Bellefontain (Ohio) "Republican" prints the writer on the Sundry question with nearly two columns of editorial comment. He was not hit hard, but in a tender spot; "Bulletin" (Phil.) Edward Stern on "Basic Principles."

July 12, "Traveler," J. T. Small writes a good one on the "Doctor's Dream of Empire." Edward Stern replies to criticism. "Examiner" (San Francisco.) The writer commends an editorial against "The Stupid Frightening of Children."

NEW MEMBERS.

- a. Johnson, A., 414 Lilly Ave., San Francisco, Cal.
- a. Simpson, W. A., Philadelphia, Tenn.
- a. Hatcheson, W. J., 54 C. Springfield St., Sta. A, Boston Mass.
- b. Gilbert, J. M., Randolph, Texas.
- c. Pope, J. W., North Madison, Lake, Co. Ohio.
- f. Herron, Mrs. Carrie Rand, Mont Clair, N. J. Her gift to the Press-Writers' cause was ten dollars. Who will be next?
- 17 Leroy, St., Dorchester, Mass.

Lucifer, the Lightbearer.

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LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness—*Webster's Dictionary*.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving Light; affording light or the means of discovery.—*Same*.

LUCIFIC—Producing Light.—*Same*.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of Light.—*Same*.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for justice against Privilege.

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Do these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer? If so, your subscription expires with this number. Please renew for another year.

WHEN LUCIFER fails to reach its subscribers, notice thereof by postal should be sent us at once.

Special Notice.

PREMIUM GIVING FORBIDDEN BY POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

Just as we are going to press we are notified that premiums can no longer be given with papers which are mailed at regular second class rates of one cent a pound. This order is to go into effect Oct. 1, so our present premium offers can be good only up to that date.

The Outlook—Socialism.

A press dispatch from Indianapolis dated July 29, says:

The largest convention of Socialists ever held in the United States opened here to-day. The gathering was called by the executive boards of two divisions of the Social Democratic party to unite all factions of socialism and to adopt a new name for a united movement.

Delegates from almost every state in the union are here. One of the central figures is Professor George D. Herron of New York formerly of Iowa College, Grinnell, Ia., whose recent divorce and marriage drew national attention.

On his way to Indianapolis from New York, Professor Herron stopped two days in this city and made one public address to an audience estimated by the "Record-Herald's" reporter at 2000. The attendance would doubtless have been much larger if his coming had been properly advertised. The "Chicago American" of Friday morning last, stated that Prof. Herron would arrive in the city "to-night," and would lecture "to-morrow night (Saturday) at Socialistic Hall, 120 South Western Ave." His friends claim that they made special request that this error be corrected in later editions of the paper by substituting to-night, the corrected date, for "tomorrow night". No attention was paid to this request.

The Record-Herald's report of the lecture was, in part, as follows:

The public school, once the threshold and bulwark of American liberty and progress, is now throttled by the capitalist, by the man who owns the nation. Directors, superintendents, principals, teachers—every part and person of the system—are owned and tyrannized over by a single corporation, the book trust. The very history which your children read and are taught to

believe, is made, written and enforced by a gang of organized capitalists. No man nor woman in power in the American public schools to-day dares to resist this influence in the schools. Your children are being taught, with or without your consent, the things and only the things which amalgamated money wishes them to know.

Your priests, preachers and religious teachers are all debauched by the same influence. There is hardly a pastor left who dares to stand in his pulpit and teach the word and spirit of God's teachings. Why? Because in a pew before him sits the man who owns his bread. Because in his church, which is owned by corrupt capital, sits the man whom it is his business to please, the man whose word has become in the United States greater and more potent than the very word of God; the man who owns the schools, the man who owns the congress, the legislators and the whole engineery of American life—the capitalist.

The same capitalistic power which is dominating your public schools, your churches and the literature of your country is the power which is upbuilding and directing the policies of your colleges and universities. It is preparing a way to combat the rising power of socialism. It is founding and inculcating its own schools of economics, of politics, of religion and of philosophy. It is weaving the bridle and making the saddle upon which, if you are not careful, it will ride back to power even after your first victories have been won.

It is history that tyrants have always regained their lost thrones upon the very movements which were started for their undoing. Already capital is building for itself a new middle class. It is proposing and carrying out schemes for co-operative industry. It is ignoring the producer, the workingman, the common people, and, by an ingenious and far-sighted scheme of warfare, is making for its future use and defense a race of dependents, of co-operative slaves, a people of serfs.

Every editor and newspaper in the land is bought and pledged, consciously or otherwise, to this scheme of destroying the gist of socialism and creating in its place a system of bastard socialism, of partial concession, of false pretense, a system wisely calculated to make the very people who demand reforms the vehicle and the mouthpiece of the common enemy—allied capital.

While newspaper reports of Socialistic utterances are not remarkable for accuracy these paragraphs probably are not far wrong as to the main drift of the discourse of the man who is now regarded by many thousands of people in this hemisphere at least, as the best living exponent of the aims and animus of what is called the "Socialistic movement," "Social Democracy," Christian Socialism," etc.

That there are great and apparently insurmountable differences between the views of the various wings of the Socialistic workers is recognized and deplored by all who wish to see justice prevail, goes without saying, and hence the result of the conference now being held at Indianapolis is doubtless looked forward to with much anxiety by tens of thousands if not millions of people.

Since the foregoing was written a "special telegram" to the "Chicago Chronicle" reports that "Eugene V. Debs has been turned down by the (Socialistic) party and has ceased to be a controlling spirit in its councils," and a telegram from Milwaukee, tells us that Frederick Heath, leader of the Wisconsin Socialists, predicts that "another party will be organized."

This report, added to the later statement that the conference between the leaders of the "Billion Dollar Steel Trust" and the representatives of organized labor have failed to agree on a basis of settlement, once more gives a gloomy cast to the outlook—gloomy for all who hope for economic salvation through political parties, through leadership and through obedience to the commands of a leader

That concert of action, unity of action, is necessary to success of any movement is conceded by all, but that something else is needed before intelligent concert of action, effective concert of action can be practicalized on the part of the producers of wealth, is becoming more and more apparent, as time rolls on, to many who have carefully studied the history of political parties and of "labor unions."

What that something is will probably be made the subject of an article for these columns in the near future. M. H.

Old, Yet Ever New

Are Ibsen's master works, "Nora; a Doll's House," and "Ghosts." We have just purchased a largestock of these works, handsomely bound together in cloth, on terms which enable us to offer them as premiums with yearly subscriptions to Lucifer.

This is in no sense a cheap edition. The paper is fine and heavy, type large and impression clear; binding beautiful and substantial. A handsome and dainty volume either for your own library or as a gift to a friend.

We will send a copy of this book post-paid, to any address as premium with a *paid in advance* yearly subscription to Lucifer. If any subscriber who is in arrears wishes to take advantage of this offer he may do so by paying his arrearage, and sending us \$1 for the ensuing year.

This is the very best premium offer we have ever made, and we would not now be able to make it were it not that the books were sold at bankrupt sale.

Notes and Comments.

ERRATA:

In Lucifer No. 875, bottom of editorial page, first column, for "talk-gatherers," read *toll-gatherers*. On page 223, 15th line second column, for "enumerates" read *enunciates*.

SOCIETY OF ANTHROPOLOGY,

Owing to the rain storm Sunday afternoon the attendance at the hall of this club was not so large as is usual, the speaker of the day, Mr. Jay Fox, himself being numbered with the absentees. The subject of discussion "Labor's Discontent and the Steel Worker's Strike" was deferred until next Sunday—August 5, when Mr. Fox is expected to deliver the opening address. Time 3:30 P. M., at Hall 220 Atheneum Bldg., 26 Van Buren st.

DROUTH BROKEN.

The disastrous drouth and intense heat that had long prevailed over the great Middle West, and over many of the Southern and south-eastern states of the American Union was broken by copious and very general rains on Friday and Saturday of last week, and also on Sunday of this week, bringing hope, joy and gladness to millions of people. This very welcome change in the program of the weather, added to the prospect of a near settlement of the great strike of the steel workers, causes the general outlook for the future to take on a much more cheerful aspect.

PRESS WRITER'S CLUB.

The main purpose of the Press Writer's "Notes," by A. C. Armstrong, the first installment of which is given in this issue, is to show what the members of the Press Writer's Association are doing; also to show in what papers they are getting a hearing, and the class of subjects chiefly treated upon by them. If our space were adequate to the demands upon it we would gladly print all that is offered by the secretary of this association—the most powerful for good or ill of all the agencies now in the educational field. Readers of the public newspaper are fast finding out that editors and paid contributors are hired, not to tell the truth, but, as some one has expressed it, to keep the truth out of print. Hence, if we are to have an approximation to truthfulness and candor in the public press, we must

look to the unpaid volunteers—to the writers who have no object to gain except the triumph of truth and justice.

A Definition.

BY ROBERT C. ADAMS.

A free lover is one who believes in the right of private judgment in sex morals. He thinks that continence, marriage, variety or prostitution are matters that concern the individual and that any restriction or dictation on the part of church or state as to private conduct in the exercise of sexual functions is a trespass upon freedom.

It is not correct to refer to a free lover as a varietist any more than it is accurate to call a freethinker an atheist. A freethinker is one who claims the right of private judgment in religion. He rejects the claim that there is any revealed, authoritative standard of religious belief. He may be a theist, deist, agnostic or atheist but he demands liberty of thought and speech on religious topics. To be consistent he should demand it on all topics, but there are some persons who should be styled freethinkers limited, for they restrict liberty of thought to the realm of religion and are intolerant to anarchy, socialism, free trade, free rum and free love.

Some free lovers are continent and many are faithful to the marriage bond. They only agree in asserting the right for each person to determine how he or she shall live their sexual lives. Some advocate one theory and some another and few will venture to declare that any one system of life is adapted to all people and places.

Before the present era of higher criticism and scientific research the enemies of rationalism always classed freethinkers with blasphemers and blackguards, just as now the enemies of sex freedom allude to free lovers as rakes and debauchees. But as free thought was stood up to by its adherents in spite of religious abuses so free love must be championed against the assaults of prudery.

To Press-Writers and Others.

BY E. J. PAUL.

Perhaps if Friend Livesey and others knew of the struggle that the friends of Lucifer have been through to keep the sex-question before the world, since Heywood, by imprisonment and death, was forced to lay down the work, they would not want to change its name and central idea every month. An increasing number throughout the world realize that "sex contains all." That it will take a better race to change administrative and economic methods.

Ezra Heywood and Walt Whitman raised a banner on which was inscribed Purity of Sex—Respect for our Origin. Moses Harman took up that banner when no one else did, and Lucifer became the rallying point of all respectors of sex. This "coterie," which is world-wide, is content to trust our Moses and his daughter with the banner.

Unions fail when they cease to be mutual—or, as James would say, when they cease to be unions.

Goldman is right, but uses the wrong word. Men and women have an interest in each other when they love, and when they have duties toward each other.

When I have a sweetheart I'll do that which will cause us the least pain, and that will not be slavery.

When I love myself alone I cannot expect to find any love outside. I can form no unions. As quite a number of us look at it, the great trouble is that men and women get children but produce no love.

If the future has nothing better to offer we radicals had better quit reviling the priest and the chief.

The more gods and kings we have, the more tyrants.

I believe that we are something above and better than pismires, therefore I wish to change the present system.

A Common Disease.

BY S. T. SUDDICK, M. D.

"What ailed Mrs. Jones, Doctor? I heard this morning that she was dead."

"Routine," replied the doctor tersely.

"Routine? Why Doctor I never heard of such a disease in my life."

The doctor laid his paper aside, removed his feet from the floor to the table, leaned back in his chair and replied: "Thousands of women die every year of routine, and the insidious disease is not suspected. It usually sets in about a year or two after marriage, and continues, if not broken up, until it lands its victim in an untimely grave."

"Why Doctor, you frighten me. Perhaps my wife has it now, and has it had, too. I know she seems going into a decline, is thin, and looks weary all the time. I have tried different doctors, have treated her for liver complaint, heart disease, kidney trouble and even consumption, but nothing seems to do her any good. She is up and around all the time, and does her work as usual, but seems to be 'on the drag' all the time, no life, no spirit, and has a care-worn look."

"Those are the symptoms," said the doctor quietly, as he lit a cigar and, again, elevated his feet to the office table.

"Well, Doctor, tell me something of this terrible disease that you say is consuming the vitals of thousands of wives and mothers every year."

The doctor sat and puffed away for some time without answering, and then said, "What does your wife do? What has she been doing ever since, say a year after, your marriage?"

"Well," I replied, "about that time Charley was born, since then everything has gone on smoothly enough. Emma was a stout hearty girl when I married her fifteen years ago, as you know, and our eight children are as pretty a little flock as one ever sees. We have generally had good health, but somehow of late years, Emma has not been so well as she used to be. You see she never liked hired help. She did all her own work for so long before she needed help that she got used to it, and—I can't bear muddy coffee or raw bread, and we could never get a girl that cooks like Emma. Well, if she would see me frown, or leave the table before the meal was over, she would turn off the girl, and cook, herself, if it killed her. So for years she has done her own work. She gets up of a morning, dresses, gets breakfast, gets the children up, dresses them one at a time, gives them their breakfast and gets them off to school; then washes the dishes, makes the beds, sweeps and tidies up the rooms, etc., etc. By that time dinner is to get, and after dinner is over, dishes washed, etc., she takes up mending. You know children tear out clothes rapidly. Then at four the children come from school, and, while the older ones help some, the younger ones are in the way, and make a good deal of racket besides, and Emma does have a hard time with them I'll admit. Then after supper the children are to undress, and put to bed, and so many things to do that it is usually late before she comes up to bed. I scold her for sitting up so late, but it does no good; she always makes excuse that she has mending, darning or something else to do, and so it goes. Well, by the time she comes to bed I have had a good nap, and of course, not having much chance to talk to her during the busy hours, I like to talk, and have a bit of love with her as we used to do, but she is usually cross and fretful, and says sharp things to me, then I get angry and the day ends in a bit of hard feeling that worries us both."

The doctor had puffed his cigar vigorously while I was talking, and when I had finished he flung the stump, rather spitefully, I thought, into the spittoon, removed his feet from the table to the floor, turned towards me and blurted out—"Jim Welch, you're a brute!"

I almost sprung from my chair. The doctor and I had been chums all through our school-boy and college-days, and loved each other like brothers. He got acquainted with Emma after our engagement, and had fallen deeply in love with her himself, but being too late, he shook hands at parting, (he was going to

Philadelphia to attend the medical school,) and wished me much joy and happiness with my soon-to-be bride. (He was always a generous fellow.) Well, from that time on, his life and mine drifted apart, he graduated and settled down to practice, and later in life married a woman twenty years his junior. She was rather literary in her tastes, wrote pretty verses and stories, and of course he let her do just as she pleased. She was pretty, and little, and sweet, he called her pet names and she never gave him an unkind word, and life flowed along so smooth and nice with them that I contrasted her with Emma with her thin haggard face and snappish ways rather unfavorably, and sometimes I'll admit I was a little cross myself.

I had studied law and had a large practice, and had a good deal of annoyance and could not help carrying some of it home once in a while. But to be called a brute, by my old friend and chum, Dr. Gray, was a little too rough, and my face must have shown anger, for he continued, (laying his hand on my arm), "You don't mean to be, old fellow, but you are, all the same, without realizing it. And thousands of others are doing, today just as you are,—keeping your wives on that infernal tread-mill 'duty,' year after year till they get like old horses and if you would turn them out in a ten acre field they would go round and round, (figuratively speaking.) It is this 'routine' that kills, this going in the same old rut day after day with no time to read, no chance to go, or see anything, this eternal work, work, work. No wonder the physical wears out, while the mental and spiritual rust out. A man has no right to make a slave out of his wife, to do drudgery for him, all day and then expect her to be the sweet wife to him at night that she used to be when young and free from care. He should relieve her from child-bearing so soon as he finds her physical health failing, and limit his family to two or four at most, and not go on as you have done, compelling her to bear children—one after another until she is worn out,—dies, and orphans them all. Two children—one of either sex, is sufficient for any mother to care for and raise up, and do it right, and unless the mother is exceptionally clever as well as hearty two is as many as she can do justice to, and do justice to herself. And after the second one is born especially if the births have been laborious, the mothers look upon the nuptial act with more of pain and dread than pleasure, and her life is jeopardized with every such act. And children born under such circumstances, have fastened upon their lives such pre-natal conditions as no child should be born with. It is a fact that every one knows, that the latest born children do not compare favorably with the first or second born, and why? Because the pre-natal influences are not so good."

And so the Doctor talked on and on until I began to think I had been a brute sure enough, and I said, "You are right, Doctor, I believe I have been in a passive dream all these years, but you have waked me up. Now what must I do?"

"Break up the routine," said the Doctor. "Get out of the rut. Take your wife out of the treadmill. Get a governess for your children. Have a play room and a school room, for them, and let the governess take them in charge; 'farm' your cooking out, or get an experienced housekeeper to take full charge of the kitchen. Then let your wife take you to the office each morning in the carriage, and continue the drive for an hour or so. Take her to the country occasionally, get her interested in reading, don't scold her, or even look cross if the coffee is muddy or the bread dough, once in a while. Tell her of your plans, let her sit in your office, with the latest magazine in her hands for a blind, and take items once in a while, and see how you conduct your business; introduce her to your gentlemen friends and let her talk to them. Take her to the theatre and to a lecture occasionally. Do this and my word for it the bloom will come to her cheeks, the sparkle to her eye, and the elasticity to her step without dosing her with medicine, and you will soon have no occasion to find fault with her with regard to her 'wifely duties' and lack of loving kindness to yourself."

The above conversation occurred just two years ago today, and I put the good Doctor's advice into practice. I took the

care of the children entirely off her hands, as far as manual labor was concerned, such as washing and dressing them, etc., etc., placed a housekeeper over the kitchen department, freeing her from all that part of the business, fitting up a nice bed-room for her exclusive use—next to my own; freeing her from any fear of a further increase in the family. Placed the horse and carriage at her service, with a boy to bring it at any time, and in fact followed the Doctor's programme to the letter, and my Emma looks and says she feels fifteen years younger than she did two years ago, and it costs me but little more to live now than it did then, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that Emma is not a *slave* and that I am not a *brute*.

VARIOUS VOICES.

C. R. Fisk, M. D., Keokuk, Iowa:—What do you want now for the book "Government Analyzed" by Kelso? I remember the first one I bought of you, several years ago, I paid you \$1.50. I never begrudged it; for it is a great book.

[The price of "Government Analyzed" has been reduced to one dollar; for those who buy to sell again, a further reduction will be made,—according to quantity. Now that the foundations of our various political systems are being examined and sifted, as never before, perhaps, this searching analysis of government by Col. John R. Kelso, supplemented by an able presentation of the Co-operative Commonwealth by Etta Dunbar Kelso, ought to be widely circulated. M. H.]

Frank Reed, Eureka, Calif.:—The pamphlet containing your address on Institutional Marriage to hand, for which I thank you. If Judge Dodge is correct in his interpretation of the spirit and letter of the law, and he himself is in sympathy with such law, the most I can say for both the Judge and the law, is, that they should be tarred and feathered, and then sent adrift down some terrible stream. The idea that man has a pecuniary or property interest in wife or child is repugnant in the extreme. Perhaps you could not do better than to print just the few, simple words of this learned donkey, and send them broadcast over the land. I will contribute my mite to this end. Let these be brought before the eyes of every married and unmarried woman, and there will be a little stir in society. There should be no other binding power than that of love between man and wife, for we may as well keep up the name husband and wife, as not, for only those who truly love each other can, appropriately, be called such. Legal marriage does not make righteous marriage.

Edward Stern, Phila., Pa.:—Your Institutional Marriage I regard as one of the best things you have written. You do not understand me to underrate the importance of the sexual problem, but as I have already written you, think that economic salvation will powerfully aid its solution. I do not think that there has ever been a time in the known history of mankind, when so many people have been seeking after light, as at present. . . . Much however depends upon how subjects are presented. Over and over again I have thought of writing up a little pamphlet on sexuality, one which would offend no seeker after truth. Many, many of your sexual publications repulse the very men and women whom they should attract. It is not for me to dogmatically lay down the law to you or any other human. What are the laws of nature (God) bearing upon sexual relationship of humans? Do you think that nature which has and does lay down laws regarding the minutest molecules of matter whether solid, liquid, gaseous etc., has overlooked the function and embrace from which and through which we all have come and continue to come? I know, you know, that in countless cases of bestiality, lack of knowledge, unnatural conditions combine to wreck the sexual unfoldment of couples. Many, many of these couples are eagerly desirous of light, light, but they are encompassed in gloom. You know, I know, that if a fair proportion of children were truly conceived and reared,

that in a short time we would have a race of Gods instead of our present apologies, abortions or call them what you will. I am not Jesus Christ; I am not Elijah, or any of the prophets re-incarnated, to the best of my knowledge and belief I am simply a fallible, erring man, but my heart has and does go out to suffering humanity, and when I perceive a truth, quietly I will hold fast to it, elucidate it, stand by it until I am shown to be in error, then I will quickly thank the man that enlightens me.

Iva F. Lowry, Mo.:—Enclosed find \$3 for back dues on Lucifer. Thanks for sending after time had expired. The paper has been a great help to me; also a great agitator of my brain power. Your occasional strong opposition to socialism sets me to thinking as nothing else does. You seem to separate government from the people in your idea of the Socialist's Co-operative Commonwealth, and connect it with authority. This is not my idea, nor can I read it in their writings. I heard a socialist lecturer say a few days ago in his lecture, that he did not want the government as at present constituted, to own anything, and that he did not like to use the term government in connection with the co-operative commonwealth as it seemed to imply authority. You do not oppose a systematic plan of conducting co-operation in groups, by the people composing that group, so, why oppose the same in national co-operation?

Fifty years ago the group idea could have been inaugurated, but today, with the great trusts controlling the necessities of life, or what is supposed to be such, it seems to me impossible. For my own part I could and would willingly choose freedom now, under these conditions, freedom from the law and everything the trusts have cornered for I can live and thrive mightily on fruit, nuts and raw cracked wheat, and wear the loose easy fitting clothes that cost so little—the "mother hubbard styles" (where I would suffer would be to be deprived of books,) but what good would it do to do this, in the solution of the great problem? If everyone did so of course the trust would go out of business, but they won't! Remove government and the trust will only laugh and stay in business! Isn't that so? Private ownership of Mother-Nature is wrong.

You and May Huntley say you don't know why love dies. My idea is that it is killed by the competitive spirit that dominates human beings. We wish to secure the love expressions of a certain person for our enjoyment before someone else does. Yes, even the best of us. When our concern shall be how much love we can give, we will have an altogether different proposition.

I am interested in the Press Writers and wondering if I could be of use to them in anyway. I've lots of time and a wee bit of brains, but am not yet able to write readable articles for publication.

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